



No. 19

WESTERN ADVENTURES

TIM HOLT



10¢



in this issue
"They Dig By Night!"
a Ghost Rider thriller!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT, AUG.-SEPT., 1950. Vol. 2, No. 10. Published bi-monthly by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Publication Office, 8 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Editorial and Executive offices, 11 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Vincent Sullivan, Publisher; Raymond C. Krank, Editor. Entered as second-class matter August 8, 1948, at the post office at Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscription in U.S.A., \$1.00 for 12 issues; other countries, \$1.50. Entire contents copyrighted 1950 by Magazine Enterprises, Inc. Printed in U.S.A.

TIM HOLT

TIM HOLT

THE BITTER BREATH OF DEATH BLOWS HOT AND COLD FOR TIM HOLT, AS HE BATTLES BULLETS, BLIZZARD AND THE TREACHEROUS HOSPITALITY OF A RUTHLESS KILLER, TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A MAN HE NEVER MET! HERE IS THE STORY... THE STORY OF—

**"THE
EFFICIENT
MURDERER!"**



AS A LATE SPRING SNOWSTORM RAVAGES THE NORTHERN SLOPES OF THE GRAND WASH...

THAT MAN DOWN BELOW—HE'S HURT BAD!



HIM! LOOKS AS IF HE'S HAD A CASE OF LEAD POISONING—JUDGING BY THOSE WOUNDS WHO ARE SHOOTING AT HIM! ... STEADY LIGHTNING!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



FOR ONE CRAZY, RED-FLASHING MOMENT, THUNDER ROLLS IN THE
ROCKY CRAGS AND DEFILES OF THE GRAND WASH MOUNTAINS...



AND AS SUDDENLY—THE DEEP SILENCE
OF THE SNOWLANDS BLANKETS THE
HILLS...

CAN'T HEAR A THING!
WHOEVER THEY WERE—THEY'VE
VANISHED LIKE SNOW BEFORE THE
SUN! BUT THEY'RE ON SNOWSHOES.
THEY CAN HIDE IN THE ROCKS AHEAD
OF US. WE'LL HAVE TO GO SLOWLY,
LIGHTNING!



WE WILL TRAVEL
THE SHORT CUT...
WHERE A MAN
ON A HORSE
CANNOT GO!



SII WE WILL TELL
DON ESTEBAN
THAT THE MAN HE
MARKED FOR DEATH
HAS DIED—BUT
THAT ANOTHER
COMES WITH THE
BLOODY SCARF!

LOOK ABOVE!
HEAVY CLOUDS
SOON A BLIZZ-
ARD WILL
BREAK OVER
THE MOUNTAIN
PASSES!



BUENO!
GOOD! IT
WILL CATCH
THE MAN ON
THE GOLDEN
HORSE! HE
FREEZE TO
DEATH IN THE
STORM!

IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE SKIES
OPEN UP, AND SNOW DRIFTS DOWN-
WARD... THICK, HEAVY, BLINDING...

LOOKS LIKE... WE'RE TRAPPED, LIGHT-
NING! THIS SNOW'S SO THICK... I
CAN'T SEE... WHERE WE'RE GOING!



TIM HOLT

THE BITTER, INTENSE COLD BITES THROUGH CLOTHES AND SKIN...

GOT TO... FIND SHELTER SOON... OR FALL...
BE FROZEN TO DEATH...



THAT ROCK OVERHANG... A LITTLE
SHELTER FROM THE WIND AND
SNOW! MAYBE... OUR BODY HEAT...
WILL KEEP US WARM...
ALIVE...



AND AS THE FERCE WIND HOWLS,
BLASTING THE CUTTING SNOW BEFORE
IT AND PILING IT IN GIANT DRIFTS, TIM
AND THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION LIE
HUDDLED TOGETHER...



MEANWHILE JUST MISSING THE
BLIZZARD SIX KILLERS EMERGE
INTO THE SUNNY VALLEYS OF
LOWER CALIFORNIA. SOON THEY
FACE HAWK-FEATURED DON
ESTEBAN BOROLLA—

SOP, ANOTHER COMES WITH THE
BANDANNA, EH? WELL, IF HE
LIVES THROUGH THE STORM, HE
WILL REQUIRE FOOD AND SLEEP.
WHEE! HMM! INVITE HIM HERE!
HE WILL GET THE SLEEP HE
NEEDS—THE SLEEP OF
DEATH!



TRUST DON ESTEBAN
TO THINK OF SUCH
A THING!

HA! HE WILL
COME LIKE THE
PIG TO THE
BUTCHER'S
KNIFE, NOT
SUSPECTING!



AND SO—

POOR FELLOW:
WERE YOU
CAUGHT IN THE
BLIZZARD?

YOU WILL
WANT
FOOD, EH?
SLEEP?

FOOD? SLEEP?
I'VE FORGOT-
TEN WHAT
THEY
ARE!



MANUEL! CARLOS! BRING A
CHAIR! FETCH FOOD FOR OUR
VISITOR!

THANK YOU, SIR. I'VE HAD A
ROUGH TIME... BACK THERE!



TIM HOLT

AFTER A HEARTY MEAL, DURING WHICH TIM RELATED TO THE WRYLY SMILING DON ESTEBAN THE PURPOSE OF HIS VISIT...

SLEEP WELL, SENORI. I WILL SEND A RIDER TO EL TORO ORD TO HALT THE HANGING OF SENOR MELTON UNTIL YOU ARRIVE WITH THE PROOF SENOR TOOMEY GAVE YOU...

SENOR TOOMEY? WHY? HOW...?

YES... SLEEP WELL! NO ONE KNOWS THAT I KILLED DON DIEZBLANTE. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THAT ACCURSED WHITE NECKERCHIEF HE ALWAYS WORE... ON WHICH IS THE IMPRINT OF MY SCARRED PALM... NO ONE WOULD EVER KNOW ANYTHING!



IF OUR GUEST DIES, I WILL BE SAFE! MANUEL - BE SURE HIS DREAMS END FOREVER! CARLOS, RIDE YOU TO EL TORO ORD. TELL THE ALCALDE TO HURRY THE HANGING!

SI, SENORI! SI, SI!



AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE CALIFORNIA VALLEY, A SHARP OF MOONLIGHT GLISTENS ON A DRAWN DAGGER AS A HAND PUSHES OPEN A HEAVY OAKEN DOOR...

I HAVE REMOVED MY BOOTS SO THAT MY BARE FEET WILL MAKE NO NOISE TO WAKE OUR GUEST!



SUDDENLY—

YIIII!!!



I WAS RIGHT! DON ESTEBAN KNOWS MORE ABOUT MY MISSION THAN I TOLD HIM! HE KNEW TOOMEY'S NAME - AND I NEVER MENTIONED IT! SO I PUT THOSE CACTUS LEAVES ON THE FLOOR, AND SLEPT UNDER THE BED...



MY BACK! MY BACK! I AM STABBED BY A THOUSAND KNIVES! ARAAGHHH!

...AND DON ESTEBAN WOULDN'T HAVE ME KILLED UNLESS I WAS DANGEROUS TO HIM!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



A DRAPE-CORD RAFTENED TO A
BOOT—THE BOOT WHIRLED AND
THROUW UPWARDS—A BIG SILVER
SPUR CATCHING ON A ROOF-EDGE...

ONLY HOPE...ONE OF THEIR BULLETS
...DOESN'T HIT THAT CORD!



BUT THE HORSES OF THE DON ARE
NO MATCH FOR THE POWERFUL LEGS
OF THE GREAT PALMINDO...

THE REST WAS ALL YOU NEEDED,
BOY! NOW—KEEP DIGGING!



AND SO, AS TIM PRESENTS HIS PROOF ORDERS ARE GIVEN IN THE ALCADIE'S
CRISP VOICE—ORDERS THAT TELL TIM HIS JOB IS—WELL, DONE!

FREE MELTON! BRING IN DON ESTEBAN! THIS IS HIS HAND PRINT.
I WOULD KNOW THAT SCAR ANYWHERE! HE—INSTEAD OF MELTON—
SHALL STRETCH THE ROPE!





TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WHILE THE PROFESSIONAL KILLER IS BEING BROUGHT IN, TIM AND CHITO RIDE OVER THE RANGE, STUDYING THE COURSE OF THE RIVER THAT BRINGS LIFE-GIVING WATER TO THE VALLEY.



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



SOME HOURS LATER, ON DUKE SANDERS' RANCH...



TIM HOLT

MEANWHILE, ON THE T-BAR-H AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

I ASKED YOU MEN HERE BECAUSE I BELIEVE DUKE SANDERS IS THROUGH PLAYING LEGAL GAMES! FROM NOW ON, HE'S GOING TO USE FORCE TO TAKE OVER YOUR RANCHES... AND SINCE HE HATES ME MOST, HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO START HERE!



YOU GOT INTO THIS FIGHT ON OUR ACCOUNT, TIM. YOUR CATTLE HAD WATER... IT WAS US THAT DUKE SANDERS HAD OVER A BARREL! IF HE COMES HERE... BY GUM! YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS ARE GOIN' TO STICK RIGHT BY YOU, TIM!

THAT'S HOW THE WHOLE LOT OF US FEEL, TIM!



HEY, TIM! DUKE SANDERS AND HIS CREW ARE ARRIVING THIS WAY! DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY'RE PLEASURE-BENT, EITHER!

FINE! WE'LL HAVE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE FOR THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE!



SOME MINUTES LATER, AS SANDERS' DESPERADOES CHARGE THE T-BAR-H...



AS THE BLOODY BATTLE RAGES...

INSTEAD OF US GETTING THE SURPRISE—IT'S SANDERS WHO'S BEEN CAUGHT UNAWARES! I THINK THEY'LL BREAK IN A MINUTE OR SO, CHITO!

SH! SH! THEY DO NOT LIKE THE SMELL OF GUN-SMOKE, EH, COMPAGNERO? SEE OVER THERE? BY GOSHES! BET SEE DUKE SANDERS... HE'S FOR TO BE RUNNING AWAY!



SANDERS IS RUNNING ALL RIGHT... LEAVING HIS MEN IN THE LURCH! COME ON, LIGHTNING! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THAT HOMBRE GET AWAY!



SEE GOOD, TIM! KEEPS HORSE SHE STUMBLE AND HE SEE FOR RUNNING AWAY BY FOOTS ACROSS THE CREEK!

THE FOOL! THAT CREEK HAD A SANDY BOTTOM... AND THE WATER HADN'T ALL DRIED OUT YET! HE'S WALKING INTO QUICKSAND!



TIM HOLT



the GHOST RIDER



GHOULS!
DIGGERS OF
GRAVES, DEFILERS
OF DEATH, I COME
TO DEFEND THE
DEAD!

**YEEEE
YEEEE!**
THE
GHOST
RIDER!

IN ALL THE ANNALS
OF WESTERN CRIME,
THERE IS NOTHING
MORE GHOULISH
THAN THE TALE OF
THE OPENED
GRAVES AT
MIDNIGHT! THE
MONSTERS WHO
VIOLATED THE GRAVE-
YARD WERE SO GREEDY
THAT THEY WOULD
NOT PERMIT EVEN
THE BONES OF THE
DEAD TO REST IN
PEACE...! READ
HOW THE GHOST
RIDER COMES TO
GRIPS WITH THIS
GRISLY HORROR IN—

**THEY
DIG BY
NIGHT!**

ONE DAY, AS A
NEW SHIPMENT
OF GOLD BULLION
IS BEING CARRIED
INTO THE BANK...

IT'S A
ROBBERY!

TARNATION!
WHAR'D THEY COME
FROM SO SUDDEN?



KEEP RIDIN', MEN — **FAST!**
THIS IS HAPPENIN' SO QUICK,
THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
HIT 'EM!



BLAST IT!
THEY GOT
AWAY!

ALL
BUT ONE,
SHERIFF!

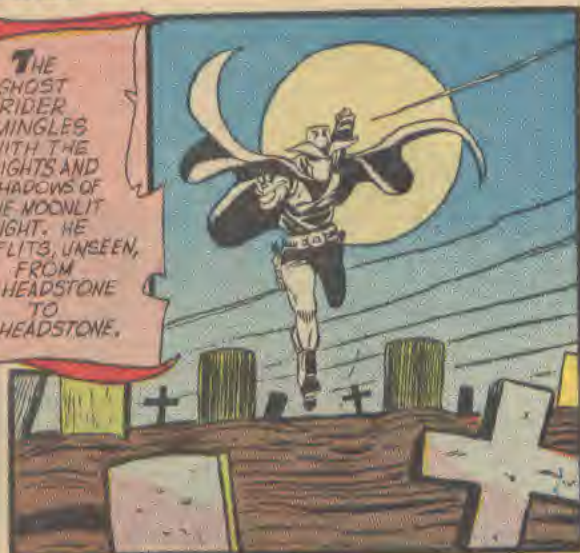
TIM HOLT



REX FURY IS RIGHT. TWO MONTHS GO BY AND STILL NO TRACE OF THE GOLD TURNS UP. BUT TWO MONTHS LATER, AS REX, IN THE GUISSE OF THE GHOST RIDER, PATROLS THE NIGHT.

STRANGE!— THE SOUND OF IRON ON STONE COMING FROM OVER THAT HILL! BUT THAT'S WHERE THE GRAVE-YARD IS! WHAT WOULD ANYONE BE DOING THERE AT MIDNIGHT?

THE GHOST RIDER MINGLES WITH THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE MOONLIT NIGHT. HE FLITS, UNSEEN, FROM HEADSTONE TO HEADSTONE.



THESE MEN ARE DIGGING UP A GRAVE! WHAT A SACRILEGE!

CEASE YOUR GHOULISH WORK! CANNOT THE DEAD REST IN PEACE?

YEOW! A GHOST!

THE GHOST RIDER WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR THE DEAD! ONLY THE LOWEST OF SCOUNDRELS WOULD ROB A GRAVE!

QUICK, MEN— LET'S GIT OUTA HYAR!



THEY'RE SLIPPING AWAY! IT WAS A MISTAKE NOT TO HAVE MY HORSE, SPECTRE, NEARBY.

SO, THIS BEGINS TO TAKE ON MEANING! IT WAS THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN OWLHOOT THEY WERE DIGGING INTO! THE TRAIL GROWS CLEARER— THE TRAIL OF GOLD!



TIM HOLT

LATER - IN THE BACK ROOM OF A LAUNDRY...

THIS IS THE ONLY CLUE - THE SLEEVE ONE OF THOSE GHOULS LEFT IN MY HANDS.

ME THINK CHEMICAL ANALYSIS TELL STORY OF EACH BOWL OF SOUP THIS SLEEVE, HE DUNK IN. SOON FIND CLUE, MEBBE!

I THINK WE HAVE SOMETHING HERE, SING-SONG. SEE THOSE MANY GRAINS OF RED ALONG THE SEAMS? IT'S DIRT - RED DIRT - AND THE STAINS ARE MONTHS OLD!

RED DIRT! HA - THE ONLY PLACE SUCH EARTH IS FOUND IS ON TOP OF RED HILL, YES? MEBBE WE GO TAKE LOOK-SEE, NO?



THE NEXT DAY, SING-SONG AND REX FURY GO EXPLORING AROUND RED HILL...

MEBBE FALSE ALARM, REX. NO CAN FIND OWLHOOT HIDEOUT IN THIS HILL.

MEBBE WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE WRONG THING, SING-SONG. TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BUSH THERE - DOESN'T IT STRIKE YOU THAT THERE'S SOMETHING JUST TOO PERFECT ABOUT IT?



SEE HOW EASILY THIS BUSH COMES OUT? - AS THOUGH IT'S BEEN PLANTED ONLY RECENTLY!

YES - AND GRASS IS CAREFULLY TRANSPLANTED! REX, ME THINK SOMEBODY DIG HERE AND THEN TRY TO HIDE IT UP!



THE GOLD, REX! I BETCHUM IT THE GOLD!



GULP! A CORPSE!

AND IT'S THE UNKNOWN OWLHOOT WE BURIED IN THE CEMETERY! THAT IS - I THINK WE BURIED HIM...



BUT, REX, IF OWLHOOT IS HERE IN THIS HOLE - THEN WHO AND WHAT IS IN THE GRAVE?

I DON'T KNOW, SING-SONG. JUDGING FROM LAST NIGHT, SOMEBODY WANTS TO GET INTO THAT GRAVE MIGHTY BAD, TOO. WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - ONLY ONE THING...



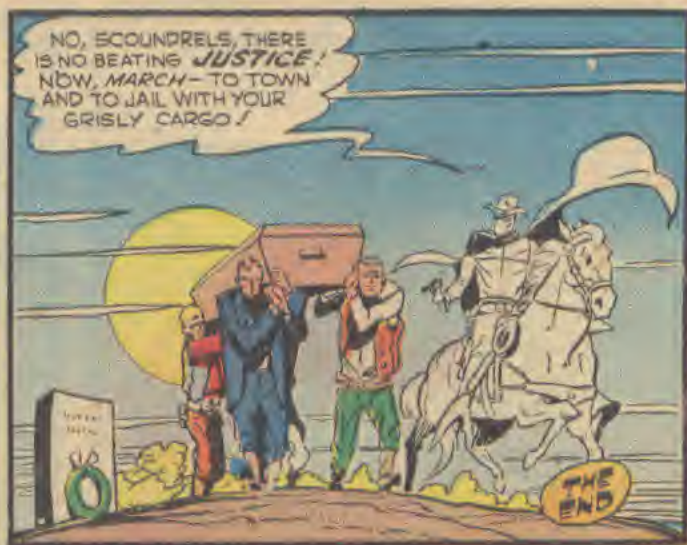
TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



BULLETS FOR THE BADMEN

JIM Perkins triggered his Colt Peacemaker just as the last of the road-agents who had robbed the baggage car of the stalled Kansas-Pacific train drove spurs into his mount's sides. He climbed to his feet, brushing his black Stetson back on his unruly yellow hair. His sixgun made a weight on his hip as he dropped it into his holster. He looked down the length of the train where the limp body of the baggage-car messenger lay sprawled in the hot sunlight.

Jim walked down past the cars, eyes alert on the ground for anything the gun-slicks might have dropped, that would give him a clue, any sort of clue. The only thing he found, under the open baggage-car doors, was a length of splintered wood, with the black numerals, 32, on it. Idly he bent his tall body, lifted the wood and put it thoughtfully into a pocket. All around, the passengers were bending over the messenger, helping him to his feet.

"Just grazed my shoulder," growled the messenger. "Jumped me 'fore the train had stopped."

"What'd they get?" asked the soft-spoken Perkins.

"Couple boxes ammunition bound for Fort Cobb. That's all."

Jim swung back onto the train, just as a warning whistle from the steam-spewing engine belched into the hot sageland air.

Sheriff Tom Howland was a short, stocky man, with the remains of two meals still staining his blue whipcord vest. He looked up sharply at the tall length of Texas Ranger Jim Perkins, swinging gracefully from the K.P. passenger car. Sunlight spotted the ranger badge on Perkins' coat, and made it glint.

Swiftly, Sheriff Howland crossed toward Jim, hand outstretched. "Just heard about the holdup. I'm Howland, sheriff here at Trinidad."

Jim nodded, swallowing the smaller man's pudgy hand in his long fingers. He let a smile sit on his lips. "Heard you were having a mess of trouble with the Mesa Colorado bunch. I ran into 'em myself, a while back."

The sheriff fell into stride with Jim as they went across the dusty main street of the little cowtown and into a dirty, fly-specked restaurant, where half a dozen cow-hands and miners sat wolfing food. Jim dropped on a counter seat, hooked his long legs behind the seat-post, and bent his cold eyes on the little sheriff.

"Think that was the Mesa Colorado bunch that held up the train?"

"Plumb certain of it," grated the sheriff. "Couple of the boys on the train—who know the Mesa bunch—identified them."

The Ranger nodded, drumming his fingers idly. His mind went back over these hot moments of the robbery, remembering in clarity now the heavy slamming of the guns, the shrill whine of lead bullets ricocheting off the engine boiler, hearing a woman's scream lifting up eerily amid the cursing of the men. He shook his head. There was something about the fight—something about what happened afterward—that kept annoying him. It was something that he should know. He had the facts, the important facts. But he couldn't put them together.

It's like part of a dream that keeps slipping away from you, the more you try to remember it, he thought. Or like a half-broke bronco: leave him alone, and he'll come around. Go after him, and he'll run!

Abruptly, he turned again to the sheriff. "I'll want a good horse."

The sheriff nodded. "Got two in my corral. Both mares. Fast, with plenty of gut to them." Then he looked up in surprise. "You ain't fingerin' on ridin' out after them so soon? Why, man, we've hunted that bunch for weeks! We know they hole up in the breaks, but we've never been able to get close." The sheriff scowled, and his jaw muscles worked. "Maybe it's a good thing. They'd cut us to ribbons in them canyons."

"They're rustlers. Killers. It's my job to go get them."

The little sheriff caught a look at the cold blue eyes set in the browned face beside him. Despite himself, and the heat of the restaurant, Sheriff Howland felt an icy chill run down his spine.

He let the piebald pony move across the sands, cool under the blue bowl of night sky. Whenever he could, Jim Perkins liked to ride in the darkness, with the heat of the day a thing of the past. Here in the chill night air, with a sheepskin coat keeping himself warm, a man could think, with only the twinkling stars and an occasional coyote howl to back-

TIM HOLT

ground his thoughts.

This was another routine job, for Perkins. But he knew that all his cases had angles, facets. He had to know these facets in advance. If he had not always known them, a lead cylinder from a .45 or a .44, the typical western badman's gun, would have lodged in his rib case a long time ago. He was confident about his facts. But one thing kept bothering him—the elusive knowledge, like something from a dream, that he should have hit upon before now; that fact that kept running from him as a jackrabbit runs from a hound.

He made good time in the night's stillness, taking the piebald up a long slope rising gently from the lower levels into the higher country, that broke, as if under a giant's blow, into scattered ridges and rock canyons. It formed a natural labyrinth of volcanic rock and sandstone.

It was well into late morning when he sighted the plume of smoke lifting skywards from a small canyon to the west. He kicked the piebald to a steady run, until within an hour he was able to swing from the saddle a hundred yards above a small cabin set back in the shadow of a rock overhang.

Two men were in front of the cabin, mending a saddle. There were others inside, playing cards. Jim could see them through the window. He counted seven. Chuckling dryly, he slid his Winchester from the saddle sheath. There had been seven men in the gang who'd held up that K-P train yesterday and run off with that ammunition.

"Ammunition!"

His hand went to the splinter of wood he had picked off the ground and thrust into his shirt pocket. He took it out and stared at it, and he put a grin on his mouth and left it there.

"There'll be some fireworks plenty soon, bronc," he told the piebald who laid its ears forward. "Stick around!"

He sent his first shot into the saddle between the two men. They went backwards off their heels, hands going for their guns. One of them knelt, hunting with his eyes for the hidden marksman. Jim let him see the smoke curling up from his gun-barrel. A shot ripped the air over him and Jim Perkins laid the oiled, polished stock of his rifle against his cheek and rammed a .45-40 bullet into the road agent two inches above his knee. The man crumpled and lay still.

The other outlaw yelled and dove for the door. It swung shut in his face. The man drummed his fists on the door, his face, turned back toward the Ranger, a white blur of fear. And then the door was opening, and the man was falling inside.

There was no answering gunfire, and Jim knew why. Chuckling deep in his throat, he

set the rifle to his shoulder again and began to fire carefully and systematically at the crude 'dobe chimney which was belching its smoke up into the drifting canyon wind currents. Five bullets placed at the correct angles broke off a good amount of the chimney and dropped it, in big chunks, down the shaft. Soon there was no more smoke coming out of it.

"Bet there's plenty of smoke in that cabin," Jim mused. "When that busted 'dobe blocks that chimney the smoke won't have any place to go but inside that one-room cabin."

He sent another bullet into the door, then called out.

"Come on, one at a time! Hands up. Shell-belts off!"

He was answered by a hoarse curse. A gun shoved out of the window and sent a .45 bullet somewhere in his general direction.

Jim tried again. "There's a pack of boys from Trinidad trailin' me right now. When they get here we'll make a rush. You'd better save yourselves a necktie party. I'm a Ranger. I'll take you back to a trial in the Capitol. You know what some of those hotheads from town might do."

He let them chew that over for ten minutes. He knew their rat-minds would be conjuring up seven lassoes looped across a tree-limb and seven bodies—their bodies—dangling from the nooses. He sent another bullet at the cabin, driving this one through the window. A man screamed from inside the shack. Smoke came out. He heard them coughing and choking.

"You can't stand a siege," Jim shouted. "You held up that train yesterday and stole some ammunition. But I reckon you'd better take a look at what you got!"

There was a silence. Nobody swore or cursed. He knew then that the outlaws had already broken open the crates—and found the useless bullets. He touched the splintered wood in his pocket, and the grin spread on his face. That tantalizing thought that had kept eluding him was elusive no longer. Almost in shame he muttered to himself. "Dog-gone, I should have thought of it even sooner than I did. A man who uses bullets as much as I do! Those owlboots down there all use .45 or .44 Colts. They have no more use for .32 caliber bullets than I have! And that's what they got in that train robbery! Bullets for the women folk at Fort Cobb to do a little ladylike shooting!"

He took the little splintered piece of wood from his pocket and looked down at the .32 on it. He tossed it aside as the door below opened, and the six men came out unarmed, with their hands held high above their heads, tears from the thick smoke streaming from their eyes.

THE END

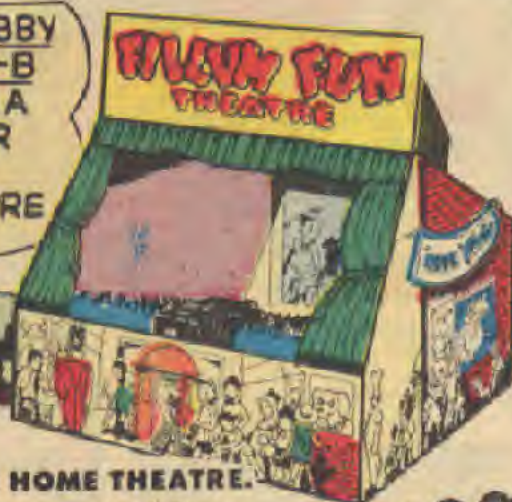
T-BAR-H RANCH

THIS IS TIM HOLT'S RANCH—THE T-BAR-H. IT LIES DEEP IN THE HEART OF CATTLE COUNTRY, FLANKED BY THE RIVER AND THE BADLANDS, WITH RICH GRAZELAND ALL AROUND IT...



- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| 1. THE RANCHHOUSE | 6. THE WELL |
| 2. THE BUNKHOUSE | 7. WINDMILL |
| 3. STABLES | 8. CORRALS |
| 4. TOOLSHED | 9. MILKING SHED |
| 5. TOOL SHACK | |

HI, RIDERS! THIS IS BOBBY BENSON AND THE B-BAR-B RIDERS, INVITING YOU TO A PRIVATE SHOWING OF OUR ADVENTURES IN FILMS, IN YOUR OWN MOVIE THEATRE AT HOME!



NOW! YOU GET COMPLETE HOME THEATRE.

Projector—plus screen—plus movie house—plus 2 films—plus 2 batteries—78 pictures in all.

Theatre is of sturdy one piece construction, one foot high, wide and deep, with built in screen for daylight or night time viewing.

The projector is well made of modern plastic and equipped with three lenses.

Runs on 2 standard flashlight batteries.

Have Fun!

ADDITIONAL FILMS AVAILABLE

Only \$1.98

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! DON'T DELAY!

FILLUM FUN, INC., 400 MADISON AVE. N.Y. 17, N.Y. DEPT. GL-1
Send me one FILLUM FUN Theatre, so I can put on my own shows at home.

☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

☐ To save postage I enclose \$1.98. Same money-back guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: If I am not completely satisfied with my FILLUM FUN Theatre, I may return in 3 days for full cash refund.

TIM HOLT

To LIVE OR TO DIE?
THAT WAS THE GREAT
GAMBLE! IT WAS ALL IN
THE DECK—AND THE DEALER
WAS THE CROOKEDEST,
CHEATINGEST GAMBLER IN
THE WEST! TIM HOLT HAD
TO STAKE HIS LIFE ON THE
TURN OF A HAND, EVEN
THOUGH HE KNEW THERE
WAS —
**"DANGER
IN THE CARDS!"**



THAT SHE IS—RED HOOK! SHE'S A
SWEET LITTLE COW TOWN WITH PLENTY
O' COWBOYS FOOTLOOSIN' AROUND WITH
THEIR LEVIS FULL O' PAYDAY
COUGH!



BUT THAT PAYDAY MONEY
SHORE AIN'T GOIN' TUN LAST
TOD LONG—ONCE WE SET UP
BUSINESS! RIGHT?

YOU SAID A
MOUTHFUL
SHUFFLE,
NEE-NEE-NEE-
HAW-HAW!

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WHEN YUH VARMINTS STOP PLAYIN' WITH THET WATER, YUH KIN START PLAYIN' WITH **DEATH!**



SHUFFLE, YOU'RE A POLECAT! YOU'RE THE ONLY CRITTER IN THE WEST WHO WOULDN'T GIVE A MAN AN EVEN SHOOTING BREAK!

STOP FLATTERIN' ME, HOLT—I'M LETTIN' YUH DIE WITH YER CLOTHES ON, AIN'T I? TIE EM UP BOYS—AN' LET'S MARCH...



THET TRELL DO FINE FER A LYNCHIN'! OKAY, BOYS STRING 'EM UP!

TIM, MY NECK, SHE EES BEGINNIN' FOR TO HURT! (GULP!)



GOT ANY LAST WORDS HOLT? YUH GOT TWO MINUTES



YES, I HAVE. I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, SHUFFLE—I USED TO THINK, EVEN WITH YOUR FAULTS, THAT YOU WERE A PRETTY DARING GAMBLER AND A GOOD HAND WITH A DECK OF CARDS. BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

WHUT D'YUH MEAN HOLT?



EVEN A GAMBLER WILL GIVE A MAN A SPORTING CHANCE TO DECIDE HOW HE WANTS TO DIE! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A GAME OF CARDS. IF YOU WIN, I HANG IF I WIN, I CHOOSE DEATH BY A BULLET!

WHUT'VE I GOT TO LOSE? EITHER WAY, THE VARMINT **DIES!**

TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



WHO IS THIS MAN?

Is he hero or villain ... ?
Is he an outlaw or
does he ride on the
side of justice ... ?
You'll meet him
in the next issue of
TIM HOLT COMICS!

BE SURE TO GET

THE NEXT ISSUE OF



TIM HOLT ... ON SALE OCTOBER 17TH

**GOLLY! I THINK I SEE A FLYING SAUCER
WITH MY GIANT ASTRONOMER'S
TELESCOPE!**



**Complete
Ready to Use
Only \$4.98**

THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE EVER OFFERED TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC!

You'll see objects thousands of miles away brighter and clearer than you dreamed possible with this Giant Astronomer's 100 power Telescope. Made to the most exact scientific measurements, its powerful lens brings heavenly bodies breathtakingly close. You'll see the Big Dipper... the Milky Way... Jupiter, the Rings of Saturn. If there are flying saucers, you'll see them. Decide for yourself whether there's life on Mars! Watch Jet Planes in flight! See sights you have never seen before. Exciting! Educational! Not a kit but a complete, assembled Astronomer's Telescope that measures 5 ft. long when extended, 3" diameter, 100 Power, Satin finish. Set up in bedroom window, on roof, or in your backyard. This Astronomer's Telescope, the most powerful telescope ever offered to the general public, can now be yours for only \$4.98.

**WATCH SHOOTING STARS!
JET PLANES! SEE MARS!
VENUS, RINGS OF SATURN!**

**Giant Telescope
Makes Easy Money Fast**

Folks will shower you with dimes for a look at the craters on the moon, etc.

SEND NO MONEY—Try 10 Days at Our Risk

Just mail coupon. On arrival pay your postman only \$4.98 plus C.O.D. postage. If not thrilled beyond words return for full refund. Save Money! Cash orders sent prepaid.

EXTRA If you order today, we will also include at no additional cost, a Chart of the Heavens showing each star and planet. Order NOW!

HOLLISTER-WHITE CO., DEPT. 780-P
3700 W. Roosevelt Road Chicago 24, Illinois



**HERE'S ALL
YOU DO, BOYS
AND GIRLS...
JUST FILL IN
AND MAIL
THIS COUPON**



NO FOOLIN', TOM... DO YOU REALLY SEE A FLYING SAUCER?

I THINK SO... YOU TAKE A LOOK, JIM!



GOSH! YOU'RE RIGHT, IT LOOKS LIKE ONE!

SURE, YOU CAN SEE EVERYTHING. THAT TELESCOPE IS 100 POWER!



I'M GOING TO SHOW IT TO MY DAD... HE'S A PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

O.K. JIM.



WHY THIS IS BUILT LIKE THE TELESCOPE I USE AT THE OBSERVATORY, TOM. YOU'RE CERTAINLY LUCKY TO OWN IT.

THANKS.

GET ME ONE, DAD.

Hollister-White Co., Dept. 780-P
3700 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago 24, Illinois

Please rush me a 100 Power Giant Astronomer's Telescope plus a Chart of the Heavens. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$4.98 plus C.O.D. postage on your guarantee of satisfaction or my money back.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ Cash Enclosed. Hollister-White pays postage.